SAWDUST

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– Tails you lose

A Monthly Publication Of General Interest Issued By The Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co. For Complimentary Circulation Among Its Friends, Customers and Customers-To-Be.

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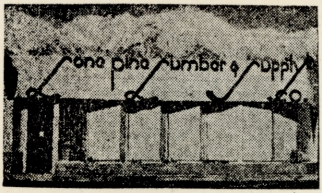


THE LUMBER YARD GANG

Rudie Henderson	Tom Henderson	Ernest Lasky
J. W. McKinney	Clark O'Connell	Chuck Harned
Jesse Browne	John Hale	Guy Martin
Bob Henderson	Edward Hjeltness	Florence Adair

VOL. II **OCTOBER 1942** **NO. 10**

Statement of the vote of the 2nd District Congressional election last August 25th, reveals that the incumbent received 35,091 votes as against 23,778 for the opposition. This is a ratio of about 10 to 7, or actually 68%.

That political parties count for little in District 2 is revealed by the fact that the incumbent, an isolationist Republican, received 3,417 more Democratic votes than from his own party.

That labor endorsements mean little, if not resulting in an actual handicap, apparently is proved by the Republican candidate from Lone Pine receiving more Democratic votes throughout the district than that party's own candidate who had the endorsement of the American Federation of Labor.

—SD—

The Ice Follies of 1943 is a marvelous exhibition. Within the short span of six years—starting from absolute scratch—the Ice Follies has grown unobtrusively to be the number one attraction in both the sports and the theatrical worlds. Almost without notice in usual show business channels, the enterprise has developed in its attraction of audiences from the bare handful which witnessed the first performance in Tulsa in 1936 to an annual attendance of well over two million.

Three young men—two of them still in their thirties and the other just a shade over forty—are solely responsible for the creation and development of this phenomenon of the amusement world. They are the Shipstads and Johnson—Eddie and Roy Shipstad and Oscar Johnson. It is they who had the original idea of a musical revue on ice. It is they who nurtured it to the gigantic bloom of the number one hit in the show business.

Casual Ice Follies patrons do not realize that the attendance set by the Ice Follies surpasses the drawing power of any major league baseball club, any college football team, all theatrical ventures, even including the circus. So three young men—with no particular show business antecedents but a great idea and the amazing will and skill to develop it have accomplished the miracle of the decade.

An Open Letter to Major (Ha!) Roy French

Dear Roy:

Isn't it marvelous the relics that can be turned up in a scrap drive?

I'm curious to know whether you still draw pensions for your last three wars in addition to the $419.00 monthly as m-ajor? Should that be a capital "M"?

I'm trying to keep the news from Jimmy the Red, lest he start worrying about his Santa Claus also being called to arms.

I've known a lot of guys that wanted to get out of the newspaper business, but the extremes that you went to even beats changing over to the lumber business.

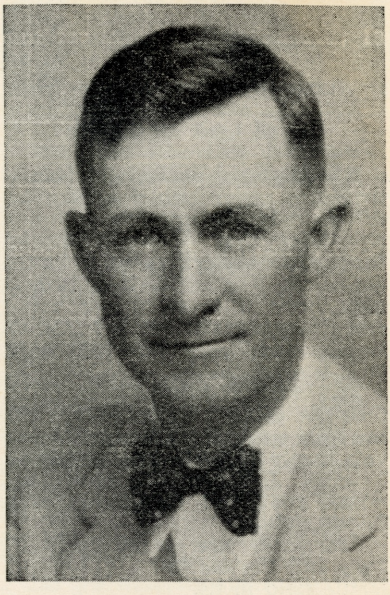
We all knew that Washington was made up of college professors, but I wasn't aware until now that the Air Corps was in such a hell-uva shape.

If that lightly meated skeleton of yours, minus eyes and teeth, got by the physical, the Army might just as well dispense with that formality with selectees hereafter.

Of course if they would do as much for everybody as they did for you, and furnish perambulators or airplanes, about the only handicap to signing up would be crutches. They probably don't stow well in a P-38.

The only pictures eligible to adorn our living-room gay-nineties piano are those of majors in uniforms. Although despite the crowded condition, the wife did condescend to make an exception in the case of Captain George Palmer Putnam. Since you are now eligible, let's have yours. We could use a good laugh.

Major Roy, I know majors aren't supposed to take advice, but allow me to offer this one suggestion: If a Japanazi takes after you in your P-38, make it climb like a homesick Angel. That should be easy, with all your experience at Angeling.



Also, be sure to take along a spare set of specs. Imagine being stranded in mid-ozone without your cheaters. Better yet, take along a spare pilot.

Don't forget to strap on that parachute. We'd hate to have you as the subject matter in a new joke about absent-minded professors.

The best of luck! At your age you'll need it!

As ever,
Rudie.

MODEL T WAR PRODUCTION

Waging a war on six continents, long infamous for arriving with too little too late. Americans have accepted blindly that 35 miles an hour will help win the war.

Actually, our war production is now shoved back to the Model T basis.

It seems more than a coincidence that our motor vehicles may be driven only the number of miles per hour that John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers work hours per week. Why not do it up brown and shove it back to the horse and buggy speed of 30? Akron rubber employees work (?) only 30 hours per week.

This edict is foisted upon Californians without regard to prevailing state speed laws, by the Roosevelt party, which has absorbed Thomas Jefferson's organization whose root and foundation was States rights.

Americans are great "jiners." Fads and slogans find a great and fertile field in us.

Only nine years have elapsed since NRA was accepted with great gusto. If you have forgotten, it was that "Code" which ignored the economic law of supply and demand, and was to make us all fabulously prosperous. We recall that as a "holdout" we were branded as "slacker"; that our bids were not considered by government agencies regardless of savings that at times were colossal; that we were about to be blasted into line with a $500 fine for non-conformity—when, just at that time the NRA steam-roller was totally disjointed in colliding with a pullet belonging to one Scheckter of Pennsylvania.

Silly, wasn't it?

Yet, 35 miles an hour is sillier!

Is it more important to save rubber than to save lives?

Apparently!

Nine tenths of our firm's outgo is for war production. Our unfilled order file is bulging with orders dating from last January 22nd. Orders from 100% war producers.

For example, the U. S. Vanadium and Panaminas mines are at 11,000 and 13,000 feet respectively. We are one of the few that will and do make daily deliveries to them. The round-trip is approximately 175 miles. To grind up the last six miles with a load, a truck must take about three hours. And that road is hell on tires!

A truck that is built to haul a net load of 5 to 7½ tons to either of those 100% war plants, emphatically is not guilty of wanton destruction of rubber when it gets back on the boulevard north of Bishop and rolls to Lone Pine EMPTY at 50 miles per hour!

Our driver, Lee Fitzgerald, received a traffic citation for doing just that.

The local tire rationing board, governed by instructions over which it has no control has stretched a point for this first offense. A second offense, and no more tires!

In effect, you struggling, sweating, cussing leathernecks in Guadalcanal, to hell with you! Rubber is now more important than your lives!

Since Fitzgerald's citation, our output is on a Model T basis.

Everyone knows that the boulevard from Lone Pine to Trona is long, is paved, is smooth and flat. A round-trip to Trona is 204 miles. Trucks consigned there once rolled

out of Lone Pine at dawn and returned by mid-afternoon to again be loaded for another trip the next morning.

But no more!

Now that we are on a Model T basis, trucks cannot get back before late evening. Where we once made two trips we now make but one.

What we should be doing, is making three trips where before we made two!

It is no worse for men to be idle waiting for materials, than for our timber-yard to hold idle materials that men can use.

Nor can we get additional trucks. If we could, we probably could not get the drivers—they're working for the government.

Governmental employees now number 5,589,500, or approximately 3,500,000 more than in World War I. This numbers about half a million more than in our armed forces. That is not a bad average: A fraction over one bureaucrat for each armed man.

As Congressman Monroney of Oklahoma observed: "Each branch and bureau is reaching and building up its own overhead and staff without any measure of essentiality . . . To a large extent, the Government is creating its own manpower problem."

That's why we in business are eternally cursed with forms and questionnaires, some measuring 20 x 32 inches, closely press-printed on two sides. That 20 x 32 inches is larger than the full page of an 8-columned metropolitan newspaper.

It is such bureaucrats that think up such fads as 35 miles an hour; that arrange to indict Henry Kaiser for obtaining steel in unorthodox manners to build cargo carriers in ten days to help preserve the very Government that would hamper and crucify him.

While we are grumbling, let's analyze the propaganda that is continuously being fed to us:

We are glibly told that production is mounting—is actually pyramiding.

We in the lumber business know that our production is falling behind last year's at a sickening pace, and we weren't even in the war a year ago!

Read the following statistics of Allied production in proportion to that of the Axis Powers at the beginning of the war and at the present time.

	Prewar:	Present:
Pig Iron	74%	43%
Steel	73%	50%
Aluminum	68%	42%
Copper	93%	84%
Tin	99%	35%
Magnesium	43%	32%
Tungsten	94%	64%
Petroleum	99%	84%
Rubber	99%	11%
Wheat	94%	62%
Potatoes	73%	21%
Cattle	96%	76%

Who's winning the war?

Do we deserve otherwise? We, a nation, whose average war worker puts in 42.5 hours per week, and even that now placed on a Model T basis. We, a nation, responsible for killing the little pigs and plowing under the cotton. We, a nation, that failed to place an embargo on scrap iron and oil products to Japan. We, a nation, making little effort to curtail federal bureaus and non-defense expenditures.

The American people presumably are not supposed to know what we are NOT doing. For the reason why, pick up a copy of the November "Reader's Digest" and turn to the article "Why Newspapers Can't Tell the Truth."

35 miles an hour!

What are we saving this rubber for? The Axis?

Unless everyone in this country does what the Axis people did —produce more with the less we have—AND DO IT QUICKLY, we can't win the war with what we HAD! The Axis had less, yet made themselves stronger because they worked harder and longer. "Guns instead of butter!" Now they have the guns, and have used them to TAKE the butter—and they'll use them to take the cars and savings AND LIBERTY from us, unless—

We Americans forget differences, hatreds, suspicions, and work our hardest and best for America until the war is won.

America is much more than a country. It is a CAUSE, a way of life that has given even the poorest man more than he could dream of, anywhere else on earth.

To conquer us and to take away everything we have is a CAUSE to the Germans, Japs and Italians. They look on it as a passionate crusade.

"WILL IT HELP WIN THE WAR?"

Let's begin asking ourselves that, right here in Owens Valley, where we produce vital war essentials used in such things as submarine detectors, short-wave radio transmitters and receivers, tanks, airplanes, and guns.

Let every traffic cop, every ration board, every judge, close their eyes to 35 miles an hour if it is not helping to keep this country a free America. Let's get off the Model T war production basis in Owens Valley!

Let's you and I decide in our own hearts that NOTHING is important except victory for America; that the only decision to be made about everything, is: "WILL IT HELP WIN THE WAR?"

Meet the Gang . . .

No. 5

Jesse Browne

Jesse Browne, yard foreman, is a sterling young man whose birthday comes in the same month as Hallowe'en. However, his age is his business. Originating in Kentucky, he motored to California without undue mishaps, but he doesn't seem to be able to get back to Kentucky for a visit without amputating bridges or flattening the rear ends of Greyhound busses. Like all good guys, Jesse has a hobby: A 4-year-old tyke by the name of David.

RETROSPECTION
Lone Pine
October — 1925

Mt. Whitney Observer front paged: "It has no doubt been a long time since the spectators gallery of the Supervisors Room echoed with such cheers as greeted the passage of the Death Valley Toll Road, Monday" . . . Miss Cecilia Carrasco was married to Mr. Perry Pratt of Porterville . . . After many setbacks, due to cloudbursts and other obstacles, the Saline Valley road is rapidly nearing completion . . . Stoves this winter in the Lone Pine Drug Store will be but a mere memory. A cellar has been dug under the building and a furnace is being installed . . . Congressman Phil D. Swing of El Centro held an informal discussion with a number of local businessmen in the lobby of the Dow Hotel . . . Art Accord Universal picture unit under direction of Clifford Smith arrives to spend ten days filming "The Maverick" . . . "Owens Lake Weekly," to be edited and published by employees of the Inyo Chemical Company at Cartago will make its bow Nov. 4th . . . Of more than passing interest to local residents is the promotion of Father Crowley to the rank of Monsignor . . . Amos Hancock, Inyo Supervisor, G. W. Dow, F. W. Leete and R. R. Henderson attended Visalia meeting for promotion of trans-Sierra road . . . J. J. Fitzpatrick and Charles Player, both of Independence, were seriously injured as their car left the road in Little Round Valley . . . W. C. Probasco's oil well at Long Beach comes in with output of 500 barrels daily . . . The two-room school house at Georges Creek has been offered for sale to the highest bidder . . . In commenting on the combined efforts of Lone Pine folks in putting over the toll road, the Observer complains relative to the unexpected unity: "If we aren't going to continue to scrap each other, things are going to get awfully dull."

—SD—

Behind the Bandsaw—

On asking an Indian house maid the other day, whether she could tell the whereabouts of his wife, she assured him that she had sent them to the laundry only that morning!

—SD—

"Say, your little baby is a determined rascal."

"I'll say he is. He'll have his bottle or bust."

—SD—

Our yard wit says he's too broke to buy etchings, so he always asks his girl friends to come up and see the handwriting on the wall.

—SD—

Postcard from El Paso: "Having a wonderful time. Wish I could afford it!"

—SD—

"He died," said a newspaper story, describing the death of a citizen, "without medical assistance."

—SD—

A colored lady came into the May Company the other day to buy a pair of men's drawers.

"How do you want them to button?" asked the clerk.

"Doan make no difference," replied the negress, "these yere is fer a corpse."

—SD—

They don't come any smarter than the guy who was able to talk his wife into being sorry for the girl who had lost her hairpins in the back seat of his car!

Wallpaper

Why keep up with the Joneses? They're not going anyplace . . . We appreciate all of that expensive china given to us on the occasion of our 15th wedding anniversary last month. It's so expensive, the wife won't let us dry the dishes any more . . . War Department requests for bids now bear the notation: "No offers of prompt payment or cash discount will be rendered to or considered by the Government." Successful businesses can attribute a large part of their success to taking cash discounts . . . We paid our income tax last March, but we have yet to collect some of our sales last March to the Federal Government . . . That discounts can and are taken is evidenced by the Inyo National Forest which has paid vouchers in as little as ten days . . . George Palmer Putnam's recent picture in the newspapers, flanked by his two sons, David and George, Jr., was a personification of he-men. Although 6-feet tall, both of Mr. Putnam's sons are several inches taller . . . Major reason for the plywood shortage is that steel cargo ships require as much as 300,000 feet of panels in their construction . . . The 82-page 1943 Inyo County Budget is a credit to G. O. Goodwin who supervised the compilation, and a work of printing art by the Chalfant Press . . . Leonard Wiltfang is the mainspring in a Minstrel Show now rehearsing at Kodiak, Alaska . . . Tickets to the Ice Follies, thanks to the Dows and the Wheelocks, revealed a show of such excellency that we have commented on it elsewhere in this issue . . . After a full 3-hour show at the Ice Follies, followed the next evening at the Puffs with home movies, Jimmy the Red flopped his 36 pounds of bulk on the hotel bed with a plaintiff moan of: "Boy, am I tired!" . . . Incidentally, Jimmy the Red, emulated a Spartan by keeping up full speed for five days before his parents knew he had a fractured wrist . . . As one participating in an all-night hunt on the slopes of Mt. Whitney in quest of one Ed Stribling without so much as a word of thanks, we turned thumbs down on a similar jaunt for the Kansas City "flash." Such honors were turned over to "Manhunter Bauer," and for the second time he received no thanks . . . We squirm when we read the newspaper advertisements relative to the Scrap Drive with such words as "Whose Boy Will Die Because You Failed?" We recall that we did some lusty grumbling at the time 12 million tons of scrap were shipped to Japan and Italy alone . . . Jim Rogers was overheard giving the perfect answer to Fred Masters when he complained about there not being an extra barber. As we remember it, Jim responded that when he did have one, Frenchy still waited as much as fourth in line while the extra barber twiddled his thumbs . . . Folks, we do appreciate your business, but our employees are not paid for working after 5 p.m. Won't you please cooperate? As it is, Southern California lumber-yards are open only 40 hours a week. We remain open 48 hours, and our store 54 hours . . . An example of what can be done through diligence and application is Walter Dow's 60-acre grove near Whittier, which stands out as a masterpiece in comparison with others . . . Recent long-distance shipment from Lone Pine was a considerable quantity of shingles to San Diego.